Diella,

Certaine Sonnets, adioyned to the amorous Poeme of *Dom Diego* and *Gineura*.

(·.·)

By R. L. Gentleman.

Ben balla, á chi fortuna ſuona.

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Olney*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleetſtreete, neer the Middle-temple gate.
1596.

TO THE MOST worthily honoured, and vertuous beautified Lady, the Ladie *Anne Glemnham*, wife to the moſt noble, magnanimious, and woorthy Knight, Sir *Henry Glemnham*.

&c.

MAdam, your many honourable vertues, hauing tyed mee to your eternall ſeruice, to ſhevve ſome part of my dutie, I preſent your Ladiſhip with a fewe paſsionate Sonnets, inter-

mingled vvith the loues of *Dom Diego* and *Gineura*.

Daine (gentle Lady) to accept them, and therein ſhew the greatneſſe of your benignitie, in receiuing curteouſlie a gift of ſo ſmal worth, which though it cannot any wayes equall eyther the number of your vertues, or the greatnes of that noble houſe, whence your Ladiſhip is diſcended, impute it not (Madam) to my defect of iudgement, but of Fortune, for were I furniſhed with the greateſt riches that

blind

blind Goddeſſe could beſtow on a man of my ſtate, both they, and I woulde fall proſtrate at your feete, and euer reſt at your Ladiſhips deuotion: yet Madam as it is, it is a chylde of the Muſes, & therfore worthy to be cherriſhed, conceiued in the braine of a gallant Gentleman, & therefore to be fauoured: ſent into the worlde by mee, who haue euer honoured your Ladyſhyp, and therefore craue of your Ladiſhip to bee protected,

ted, to whom I euer vvishe long life, lengthened with all honorable happines.

Your Ladiships in all dutie,

Henry Olney.

Sonnet. I.

WHen firſt the feathet'd God did ſtrike my hart,
with fatall and ymedicable wound,
Leauing behind the head of his fell dart,
my bloodleſſe body fell vnto the ground;
And, when with ſhame I reinforc'd my might,
boldly to gaze on her ſo heauenly face,
Huge flames of fire ſhe darted from her light,
which ſince haue ſcorcht me in moſt piteous caſe,
To quench which heate, an Ocean of teares
haue guſhed out from forth my red-ſwolne eyes,
But deep-fetch'd ſighes this raging flame vpreares,
and blowes the ſparkes vp to the purple skies.
Whereat, the Gods afraid that heauen ſhould burne,
Intreated *Loue* that I for e're might mourne.

Sonnet 11.

SOone as the Azur-color'd Gates of th'East,
were set wide open by the watchful Morne,
I walkt abroad, (as hauing tooke no rest)
(for nights are tedious to a man forlorne,)
And viewing well each pearle-bedewed flower,
then waxing dry by splendour of the sunne,
All scarled-hew'd I saw him gin to lower,
and blush, as though some haynous act were don.
At this amaz'd, I hy'de me home amaine,
thinking that I his anger caused had;
And at his set, abroad I walkt againe,
when (loe) the Moone lookt wondrous pale and sad.
Anger the one, and enuie mou'd the other,
To see my loue more faire then Loues faire mother.

Swift.

Sonnet III.

SWift-footed Time, looke back & here mark well
those rare-ſhapt parts my pen ſhal now declare:
My miſtres ſnow-white ſkinne doth much excell
the pure-ſoft woll Arcadyan ſheepe doe beare;
Her hayre exceedes gold forc'd in ſmalleſt wyre,
in ſmaller threds then thoſe *Arachne* ſpun;
Her eyes are chriſtall fountaines, yet dart fire,
more glorious to behold then Mid-day ſun;
Her Iuory front, (though ſoft as pureſt ſilke)
lookes like the table of Olympick *Ioue*,
Her cheekes are like ripe cherries layd in milke,
her Alablaſter neck the throne of Loue;
Her other parts ſo farre excell the reſt,
That wanting words, they cannot be expreſt.

Sonnet IIII.

WHat ſugred termes, what all-perſwading arte,
what ſweet mellifluous words, what woũding (lookes
Loue vſd for his admittance to my hart?
ſuch eloquence was neuer read in bookes;
He promiſd pleaſure, reſt, and endleſſe ioy,
fruition of the faireſt ſhee aliue,
His pleaſure paine, reſt trouble, ioy annoy,
haue I ſince found, which me of bliſſe depriue;
The Troian horſe thus haue I now let in,
wherein incloſd theſe armed men were plac'd,
Bright eyes, faire cheekes, ſweet lips, & milk-white (skin
theſe foes my life haue ouerthrown & raz'd.
Faire outward ſhewes, proue inwardly the worſt,
Loue looketh faire, but Louers are accurſt.

The

Sonnet V.

THE little Archer viewing well my loue,
ſtone-ſtill amaz'd, admired ſuch a ſight,
And ſwore he knew none ſuch to dwell aboue,
though many faire, none ſo conſpicuous bright:
With that inrag'd, (flamigerous as he is)
he now gan loathe his *Pſiches* louely face,
And ſwore great othes to rob me of my bliſſe,
ſaying that earth for her was too too baſe;
But *Cytherea* checkt her lordly ſonne,
commaunding him to bring no giglet thether,
Fearing indeed, her amorous ſports were done
with hote-ſpur *Mars*, if hee ſhould once but ſee (her.
If then her beauty moue the Gods aboue,
Let all men iudge if I haue cauſe to loue.

Sonnet VI.

MIrror of beautie, Natures faireſt chyld,
Empreſſe of loue, my harts high-prized Iewell,
Learne of the Doue, to loue and to be milde,
be not to him that honors thee ſo cruell,
But as the Aſpe, deafe, angry, nothing meeke,
thou wilt not liſten to my dolefull plaint,
Nor once wilt looke on my diſcolored cheeke,
which wanting blood, cauſeth me oft to faint;
Then ſilent will I be, if that will pleaſe thee,
yet ſo, as in my ſtead, each Plaine, each Hill,
Shall eccho forth my griefe, and thereby eaſe mee,
for I my ſelfe of ſpeaking haue my fill;
If Plaines, and Hills, be ſilent in my paine,
My death ſhall ſpeake, and tell what I ſuſtaine.

VVhen

Sonnet VII.

WHé Loue had firſt beſieg'd my harts ſtrong wal,
rampaird and countermur'd with chaſtitie,
And had with Ordnance made his tops to fall,
ſtouping their glory to his ſurquedry,
I call'd a parley, and withall did craue
ſome compoſition, or ſome friendly peace;
To this requeſt, he his conſent ſoone gaue,
as ſeeming glad ſuch cruell warrs ſhould ceaſe,
I, (nought miſtruſting) opened all the gates,
yea, lodg'd him in the Pallace of my hart,
VVhen (loe) in dead of night he ſeekes his mates,
and ſhewes each Traytor how to play his part;
VVith that they fir'de my hart, and thence gan flie,
Their names, Sweet ſmiles, Faire face, & piercing Eye

Sonnet VIII.

Like to a Faulcon watching for a flight,
duly attending his defired game,
Haue I oft watcht and markt to haue a ſight,
of thy faire face exceeding niggard Fame,
Thyne eyes (thoſe Semynaries of my griefe)
haue been more gladſome to my tyred ſpright,
Then naked ſauadges receiue reliefe,
by comfort-bringing warmth of *Phœbus* light;
But when each part ſo glorious I had ſeene,
I trembled more then Autumnes parched leaues,
Mine eyes were greedy whirlepooles ſucking in
that heauenly faire which me of reſt bereaues;
Then as thy beauty thus hath conquerd mee,
(Faire) let relenting pitty conquer thee.

Blot

Sonnet IX.

BLot not thy beautie (faireſt) yet vnkinde,
with cruell vſage of a yeelding hart,
The ſtouteſt Captaine ſcornes ſuch bloody minde,
then mingle mercy where thou cauſedſt ſmart;
Let him not die in his May-ſpringing dayes,
that liuing vowes to honour thee for euer,
Shine forth ſome pitty from thy ſun-like rayes,
that hard froz'd hate may ſo diſſolue and feuer;
Oh, were thou not much harder then a flint,
thou had'ſt ere this been melted into loue,
In firmeſt ſtone ſmall raine doth make a print,
but ſeas of teares cannot thy hardnes moue.
Then wretched I muſt die before my time,
Blaſted & ſpoyled in my budding prime.

When

Sonnet X.

WHen *Flora* vaunts her in her proude array,
clothing faire *Tellus* in a ſpangled gowne,
VVhen *Boreas* furie is exild away,
and all the VVelkin cleer'd from cloudy frowne,
At that ſame time all Natures chyldren ioy,
trees leaues, flowers bud, plants ſpring, & beaſts in-
Only my ſoule, ſurcharg'd W deep annoy, (creaſe,
cannot reioyce, nor ſighes nor teares can ceaſe:
Onely the grafts of ſorrow ſeeme to grow,
ſet in my hart, no other ſpring I finde,
Delights and pleaſures are o'regrowne with woe,
laments and ſobs poſſeſſe my weeping minde;
The froſt of griefe ſo nyps Delight at roote,
No ſunne but ſhee can doe it any boote.

VVhat

Sonnet XI.

WHat ſhee can be ſo cruell as my Loue,
or beare a hart ſo pittileſſe as thee? (moue,
VVhõ loue, lookes, words, teares, prayers doe not
nor ſighes, nor vowes prevaile to pittie mee.
Shee calls my loue a *Synon* to her hart,
my lookes (ſhee ſaith) are like the Crocadyles,
My words the Syrens ſing with guilefull arte,
teares, *Cymes* flouds, ſighes, vowes, deceitful guiles,
But my poore hart hath no interpreter, (vowes,
but loue, lookes, words, teares, prayers, ſighes or
Then muſt it die, ſith ſhee my Comforter,
what ere I doe, nor liketh, nor allowes.
VVith *Titius*, thus the vultur Sorrow eats me,
With ſteele-twig'd rods thus tyrant *Cupid* beats me.

Thou

Sonnet XII.

THou, (like the faire-fac'd gold-encouerd booke,
whoſe lines are ſtuft with damned hereſies)
Doſt in thy face beare a celeſtial looke,
when in thy hart liue hell-borne cruelties.
With poyſenous Toades ỳ cleereſt ſpring's infected
and pureſt Launes nought worth if ful of ſtaines,
So is faire beauty when true loue's reiected;
when cole-blacke hate within the hart remaines,
Then loue, (my deere) let that be Methrydate
to ouer-come the venome of diſdaine;
Be pittifull, tread downe this killing hate,
conuert to ſugred pleaſure, gall-full paine.
O, ſith Diſdaine is foe vnto thy Faire,
Exile him thence, there let him not repaire.

Sonnet XIII.

I Know, within my mouth for baſhfull feare,
and dread of your diſdaine, my words wil die;
I know, I ſhall be ſtriken dumbe (my deere)
with doubt of your vnpittifull reply;
I know, when as I ſhall before you lie
proſtrate and humble, crauing help of you,
Miſtie aſpects will cloude your ſun-bright eye,
& ſcornefull lookes oreſhade your beauties hewe,
I know, when I ſhall pleade my loue ſo true,
ſo ſtaineleſſe, conſtant, loyall, and vpright,
My truthfull pleadings will not cauſe you rue
the ne're-heard ſtate of my diſtreſſed plight.
I know, when I ſhall come with face bedight
with ſtreaming teares, faln frō my fountaine eyes,

Breathing

Sonnet XIII.

Breathing forth ſighes of moſt hart-breaking might,
my teares, my ſighes, and me, you will deſpiſe,
I know, when with the power that in me lyes,
and all the prayers and vowes that women moue,
I ſhall in humbleſt mercy-mouing wiſe
intreate, beſeech, deſire, and beg your loue,
I know, (ſweet mayden) all will not remoue
flynt-harted rigour from your rocky breaſt,
But all my meanes, my ſute, and what I proue,
proues bad, and I muſt liue in all vnreſt.
Dying in life, and liuing ſtill in death,
And yet nor die, nor drawe a life-like breath.

VVhen

Sonnet XIIII.

WHé broad-fac'd riuers turne vnto their foũtains
and huugry Wolues deuoured are by Sheep,
When Marine Dolphins play on ſnow-tipt Moun-
& foule-form'd Beares do in ỹ Ocean keep, (tains
Then ſhall I leaue to loue, and ceaſe to burne
in theſe hot flames wherein I now delight,
But this I knowe, the Riuers ne're returne,
nor ſilly Sheep with rauening Wolues dare fight,
Nor Dolphins leaue the Seas, nor Beares the woods,
for Nature bids them all to keepe their kind,
Then eyes, rayne forth your ouer-ſwelled floods,
till drowned in ſuch Seas may make you blind:
Then (harts delight) ſith I muſt loue thee euer,
Loue me againe, and let thy loue perſeuer.

No

Sonnet XV.

NO ſooner leaues *Hyperion Thetis* bed,
and mounts his coach to poſt from thence a-
Richly adorning faire *Leucotheas* head, (way,
gyuing to mountaynes tincture from his ray:
But ſtraight I riſe, where I could find no reſt,
where viſions and fantaſies appeare,
And when with ſmall adoo my body's dreſt;
abroad I walke to thinke vpon my deere;
VVhere vnder vmbrage of ſome aged Tree,
with Lute in hand I ſit and (ſighing) ſay,
Sweete Groues tell forth with Eccho what you ſee:
good Trees beare witnes who is my decay,
And thou my ſoule, ſpeake, ſpeake, what reſt I haue,
When each our ioyes diſpayre doth make me raue.

But

Sonnet XVI.

BVt thou my deere ſweet-ſounding Lute be ſtill,
repoſe thy troubled ſtrings vpon this moſſe,
Thou haſt full often eaſd me gainſt my will,
lye down in peace, thy ſpoile were my great loſſe,
Ile ſpeake inough of her (too cruell) hart,
enough to mooue the ſtonie Rocks to ruth,
And cauſe theſe trees weepe teares to heare my ſmart
though (cruell ſhe) will not once way my truth,
Her face is of the pureſt white and red,
her eyes are chriſtall, and her haire is gold,
The world for ſhape with garlands crown her head,
And yet a Tygreſſe hart dwells in this mold:
But I muſt loue her (Tigreſſe) too too much,
Forc'd muſt I loue, becauſe I finde none ſuch.

Sonnet XVII.

THE ſun-ſcorcht Sea-man when he ſees the Seas
all in a furie hoiſe him to the skye,
And throwe him down againe (as waues do pleaſe)
(ſtil chaſed clouds from *Eols* maſtiues flye)
In ſuch diſtreſſe prouideth with great ſpeede
all meanes to ſaue him from the tempeſts rage,
Hee ſhewes his wit in ſuch lyke time of neede,
the big-ſwolne billowes furie to aſſwage;
But fooliſh I, although I ſee my death,
and feele her proud diſdayne too feelinglie,
Which me of all felicitie bereaueth,
yet ſeeke no meanes t'eſcape this miſerie:
So am I charm'd with hart-inchaunting beautie,
That ſtill to waile I thinke it is my dutie.

Cupid

Sonnet XVIII.

Cupid had done some heynous act or other,
that caus'd *Idalea* whip him very sore;
The stubborne Boy away runs from his Mother,
protesting stoutly to returne no more;
By chance I met him, who desir'd relieſe,
and crau'd that I some lodging would him giue,
Pittying his lookes which seemed drown'd in griefe,
I tooke him home there thinking hee should liue,
But see the Boy; enuying at my lyfe,
which neuer sorrowe, neuer loue had tasted,
Hee rays'd within my hart such vncouth stryfe,
that with the same my body now is wasted:
By thankleſſe Loue, thus vilely am I vſed,
By vſing kindnes, I am thus abuſed.

Sonnet XIX.

WHen night returnes backe to his vgly mantion,
& cleer-fac'd morning makes her bright vp-
In ſorowes depth, I murmur out his cantion, (riſe,
(ſalt teares diſtilling from my dewy eyes)
O thou deceitfull *Somnus* God of Dreames,
ceaſe to afflict my ouer-pained ſpright
With vayne illuſions, and idle Theames,
thy ſpells are falſe, thou canſt not charme aright,
For when in bed I thinke t'imbrace my loue,
(inchaunted by thy magique ſo to thinke)
Vaine are my thoughts, tis empty ayre I proue,
that ſtill I waile, till watching make me winke:
And when I winke I wiſh I nere might wake,
But ſleeping carryed to the *Stigian* Lake.

Sonnet XX.

THE ſtrongeſt Pyne that Queene *Feronia* hath,
growing within her woody Emperie,
Is ſoone throwne downe by *Boreas* windy wrath,
if one roote onely his ſupporter be,
The talleſt Ship that cuts the angry Waue,
and plowes the Seas of *Saturnes* ſecond ſunne;
If but one Anchor for a iourney haue,
when that is loſt gainſt euery Rocke doth runne;
I am that Pyne (faire loue) that Ship am I,
and thou that Anchor art and roote to me,
If then thou faile, (oh faile not) I muſt die,
and pyne away in endleſſe miſerie:
But words preuaile not, nor can ſighes deuiſe,
To moone thy hart, if bent to tyrannize.

Sonnet XXI.

AS winters rage young plants vnkindly ſpilleth,
as haile greene Corne, and lightning flowres peſo mans decay, is loue, whoſe hart it killeth. (riſh,
if in his ſoule hee carefully it cherriſh;
O how alluringly hee offers grace,,
and breathes newe hope of lyfe into our thought,
VVith cheerefull, pleaſant, (yet deceitfull) face
he creepes, & fawnes, till in his net w'are caught,
Then, when he ſees vs Captives by him led,
and ſees vs proſtrate humbly craving helpe,
So feirce a Lyon *Lybia* neuer bred,
nor Adders ſting, nor any Tigreſſe whelpe:
Oh bleſt be they that neuer felt his force,
Loue hath nor pittie, mercy, nor remorſe.

Looke

Sonnet XXII.

LOoke as a Bird, through ſweetnes of the call
doth cleane forget the fowlers guileſull trap;
Or one that gazing on the ſtarres doth fall
in ſome deepe pit bewayling his miſhap;
So wretched I, whilſt with *Lyncus* eyes,
I greedily beheld her Angels face,
VVas ſtraight intangled with ſuch ſubtilties,
as euer ſince I liue in wofull caſe;
Her cheekes were Roſes, layd in chriſtall glaſſe,
her breaſtes two aples of *Heſperides*,
Her voyce more ſweete then famous *Thamiras*,
reuiuing death with dorique mellodies:
I harkning ſo to this attractiue call,
VVas caught, and euer ſince haue liu'd in thrall.

My

Sonnet. XXIII.

My lyues preſeruer, hope of my harts bliſſe,
when ſhall I know the doome of life or death?
Hells fearefull torments eaſier are then this
ſoules agonie, wherein I now doe breath,
If thou would'ſt looke, this my teare-ſtayned face,
dreery, and wan, far diffring from it was,
Would well reueale my moſt tormentfull caſe
and ſhewe thy faire, my griefe as in a glaſſe:
Looke as a Deere late wounded very ſore,
among the Heard full heauely dooth feede,
So do I lyue: expecting euermore,
when as my wounded hart ſhold ceaſe to bleede:
How patient then would I endure the ſmart,
Of pitchy-countnanc'd Deaths dead-doing dart.

Sonnet XXIIII.

WHen leaden-harted ſleepe had ſhut mine eyes,
and cloſe o'redrawn their windolets of light,
Whoſe watrynes the fire of griefe ſo dries,
that weep they could no longer, ſleep they might,
Mee thought, I ſunke downe to a poole of griefe,
and thé (me thought) ſuch ſinking much did pleaſe
But when I downe was plung'd paſt all relieſe, (me
with flood-fill'd mouth I call'd ỳ ſome wold eaſe
Whereat (me thought) I ſaw my deereſt loue, (nie
(fearing my drowning) reach her hand to mine,
VVho pull'd ſo hard to get me vp aboue,
that with the pull ſleepe did forſake mine eyne:
But when awakt I ſawe t'was but a dreame,
I wiſht t'had ſlept and perriſht in that ſtreame,

Rough

Sonnet XXV.

ROugh ſtormes haue calmes, lopt boughes do grow
the naked winter is recloth'd by ſpring, (againe,
No yeare ſo drie, but there doth fall ſome raine,
Nature is kind (ſaue me) to euery thing,
Onely my griefes do neuer end nor ceaſe,
no ebbe doth followe my ſtill-flowing teares,
My ſighes, are ſtormes which neuer can appeaſe
their furious blaſtes procur'd by endleſſe cares,
Then ſighes and ſobs, tell *Tantalus* he's bleſt,
goe flye to *Titius* tell him hee hath pleaſure,
So tell *Ixion* though his wheele ne're reſt,
their paines are ſports impoſed with ſome meaſure
Bid them be patient, bid them looke on me,
And they ſhall ſee the Map of miſerie.

The

Sonnet XXVI.

THE loue-hurt hart which Tyrant *Cupid* wounds,
proudly inſulting o're his conquer'd pray,
Doth bleede a freſh where pleaſure moſt abounds,
for mirth and mourning alwayes make a fray.
Looke as a Bird ſore bruzed with a blowe,
(lately deuiding notes moſt ſweetly ſinging)
To heare her fellowes how in tunes they ſlowe,
doth droope & pine,as though her knel were ring-
The heauie-thoughted Prys'ner full of doubt, (ing,
dolefully ſitting in a cloſe-bar'd cage,
Is halfe contented, till hee looketh out,
he ſees each free, then ſtormes hee in a rage;
The ſight of pleaſure trebleth euery payne,
As ſmall Brooks ſwell and are inrag'd with rayne.

The

Sonnet XXVII.

THE heauens Herrald may not make compare
of working words which ſo abound in thee,
Thy hony-dewed tongue exceedes his far,
in ſweete diſcourſe, and tunefull mellodie,
Th'amber-color'd treſſe which *Berenice*
for her true-louing *Ptholomeus* vow'd,
VVithin *Idaleas* ſacred Aphrodice,
is worth-leſſe with thy lockes to be allow'd,
To thee my thoughts are conſecrate (deere loue)
my words & phraſes bound to pleaſe thine eares,
My lookes are ſuch as any hart could moue,
I ſtill ſollicit thee with ſighes and teares:
O let not hate eclypſe thy beauties ſhine,
Then none would deeme thee earthly, but deuine.

Weary

Sonnet XXVIII

WEarie with ſeruing where I nought could get,
I thought to croſſe great *Neptunes* greateſt Seas,
To lyue in exile; but my driſt was let,
by cruell Fortune ſpightfull of ſuch eaſe,
The Ship I had to paſſe in, was my minde,
greedie deſire was topſaile of the ſame,
My teares were ſurges, ſighes did ſerue for winde,
of all my Ship diſpayre, was cheifeſt frame,
Sorrowe was Maiſter, care the cable rope,
griefe was the maine Maſt, Loue the Captaine of it,
He that did rule the helme, was fooliſh hope,
but beautie was the Rocke that my ſhip ſplit:
Which ſince hath made ſuch ſhipwrack of my ioy,
That ſtill I ſwim in th'Ocean of annoy.

Ceaſe

Sonnet. XXIX.

CEaſe eyes to cherriſh with ſtil-flowing teares
the almoſt witherd rootes of dying griefe,
Dry vp your running Brooks, & dam your meares,
and let my body die for moiſt reliefe,
But death is deaffe, for well he knowes my paine,
my ſlakeleſſe payne hells horror doth exceede,
There is no hell ſo blacke as her diſdaine
whence cares, ſighes, ſorrowes, and all griefes do breed,
In ſteede of ſleep, (when day incloiſtred is
in duſtie pryſon of infernall Night)
With broad-wakt eyes I waile my miſeries,
and if I winke, I feare ſome vgly ſight;
Such fearefull dreames do haunt my troubled mind,
My Loue's the cauſe, cauſe ſhee is ſo vnkind.

Hee

Sonnet XXX.

HEe that can count the candles of the skie,
reckon the Sands whereon *Pactolus* flowes,
Or number nomberleſſe ſmall Atromie,
what ſtrange, & hideous monſters *Nilus* ſhowes,
What miſhapt Beaſts vaſt *Affrica* doth yield,
what rare-form'd fiſhes lyue in th' Ocean,
What colour'd flowers doe grow in *Tempes* field,
how many houres are ſince the world began,
Let him, none elſe, gyue iudgement of my griefe,
let him declare the beauties of my Loue,
And hee will ſay my paines paſſe all reliefe,
and hee will iudge her for a Saint aboue;
But as thoſe things ther's no man can vnfolde,
So, nor her faire, nor my griefe may be tolde.

Faire

Sonnet XXXI.

FAire Inorie browe, the bord Loue banquets on,
  sweetre lyps of Corall hue, but silken softnes,
Faire Sunnes that shine when *Phæbus* eyes are gon,
  sweet breath that breaths incomparable sweetnes
Faire cheekes of purest Roses red and white,
  sweet tongue, contayning sweeter thing the sweet,
O that my Muse could mount a loftie flight,
  and were not all so forceleſſe and vnneete,
To blaze the beautie of thy seuerall shine,
  and tell the sweetnes of thy sondry tast,
Able of none but of the Muses nine,
  to be arightly honored and grac'd:
The first so faire, so bright, so purely precious,
The last so sweete, so balmy, so delicious.

The

Sonnet XXXII.

THE last so sweet, so balmy, so delicious,
lips, breath, & tongue, which I delight to drinke
The first so faire, so bright, so purely precious, (on
Brow, eyes, & cheeks, which stil I ioy to think on.
But much more ioy to gaze, and aye to looke on,
those lilly rounds w̃ ceaseles hold their mouing,
From whence my prisoned eyes would nere be gon
which to such beauties are exceeding louing;
O, that I might but presse theyr dainty swelling,
and thence depart to which must now be hidden,
And which my crimson verse abstaines frõ telling,
because by chast eares I am so forbidden;
There in the christall-paued vale of pleasure,
Lies locked vp a world of ritchest treasure.

Sonnet XXXIII.

THinking to close my ouer-watched eyes,
and stop the sluce of their vncessant flowing,
I layd me downe when each one gan to rise,
(new-risen *Sol* his flame-like cou'nance shewing)
But griefe, though drowsie euer, yet neuer sleepes,
but still admits fresh entercourse of thought,
Duly the passage of each houre he keepes,
nor would he suffer me with sleepe be caught,
Some broken slumbers *Morpheus* had lent,
who greatly pitied my want of rest,
Whereat my hart a thousand thanks him sent,
and vow'd to serue him he was ready prest;
Let restlesse nights, daies, howres, doe their spight,
Ile loue her still, and loue for me shall fight.

VVhy

Sonnet XXXIIII.

WHY ſhould a Maydens hart be of that proofe,
as to reſiſt the ſharpe-point'd darte of loue?
My Miſtres eye kills ſtrongeſt man aloofe,
mee thinks he's weak that cannot quaile a Doue.
A louely Doue, ſo faire and ſo diuine,
able to make what *Cynick* ſo e're liueth,
Vpon his knees to beg of her bright eyne
one ſmiling looke, which life frō death reuiueth.
The frozen hart of cold *Zenocrates*,
had beene diſſolued into hote deſire,
Had *Phryne* cait ſuch ſun-beames from her eyes,
(ſuch eyes are cauſe that my hart flames in fire.)
And yet with patience I muſt take my woe,
In that my deereſt loue will haue it ſo.

Sonnet XXXV.

END thys enchauntment (Loue) of my deſires,
let me no longer languiſh for thy loue,
Ioy not to ſee mee thus conſume in fires,
but let my cruell paines thy hard hart moue,
And now at laſt, with pittifull regard,
eye me thy Louer, lorne for lack of thee,
VVhich dying, liues in hope of ſweet reward,
which hate hath hetherto with-held from me,
Conſtant haue I been, ſtill in fancie faſt,
ordayn'd by heauens to dote vpon thy faire,
Nor will I e're, ſo long as life ſhall laſt,
ſay any's fairer, breathing vitall ayre;
But when the Ocean ſands ſhall lye vnwet,
Then ſhal my ſoule to loue thee (Deere) forget.

Long

Sonnet XXXVI.

LOng did I wish before I could attaine
the lookt for sight I so desir'd to see,
Too soone at last I saw what bred my baine,
and euer since hath sore tormented mee;
I sawe her selfe, whom had I neuer seene,
my wealth of blisse had not been turn'd to baile,
Greedy regard of her, my harts sole Queene,
hath chang'd my sommers sun, to winters haile.
How oft haue I, since that first fatall howre,
beheld her all-faire shape with begging eye,
Till shee (vnkind) hath kild me with a lowre,
and had my humble-suing lookes, looke by.
O pitty mee (faire Loue) and highest fame
Shall blazed be in honour of thy name.

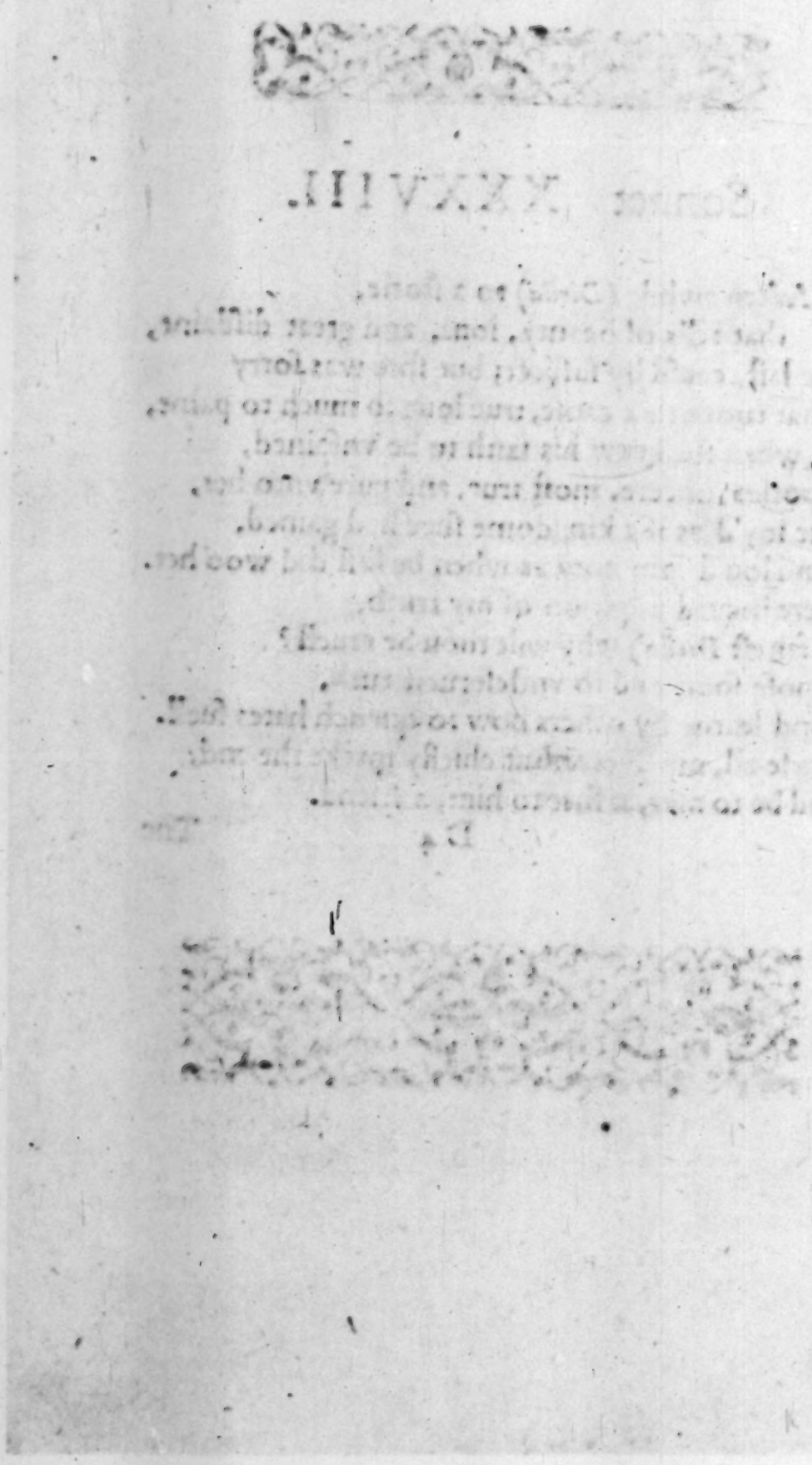
Sonnet XXXVII.

DID I not loue her as a Louer ought,
with pureſt zeale, and faithfulnes of hart,
Then ſhee had cauſe to ſet my loue at nought,
and I had well deſeru'd to feele this ſmart,
But holding her ſo deerely as I doe,
as a rare Iewell of moſt high eſteeme,
Shee moſt vnkindly wounds and kills me, ſo
my nere-ſtain'd troth moſt cauſeles to miſdeeme,
Neuer did one account of woman more,
then I of her, nor euer woman yet,
Reſpected leſſe, or held in leſſer ſtore
her Louers vowes, then ſhee by mine doth ſet.
VVhat reſteth then, but I diſpaire and die,
That ſo my death may glut her ruthleſſe eye.

Harken

Sonnet XXXVIII.

HArken awhile (*Diella*) to a ſtorie,
that tells of beauty, loue, and great diſdaine,
The laſt, cauſd by ſuſpect; but ſhee was ſorry
that tooke that cauſe, true loue ſo much to paine,
For when ſhe knew his faith to be vnfained,
ſpotles, ſincere, moſt true, and pure vnto her,
Shee ioy'd as if a kingdome ſhee had gained,
and lou'd him now as when he firſt did woo her.
I nere incurd ſuſpition of my truth,
(faireſt *Diella*) why wilt thou be cruell?
Impoſe ſome end to vndeſerued ruth,
and learne by others how to quench hates fuell.
Reade all, my Deere, but chiefly marke the end,
And be to mee, as ſhee to him, a friend.



THE LOVE OF DOM *Diego* and *Gyneura*.

IN *Catheloygne*, o'repeerd by *Pyren* Mountaines,
(a Prouince ſeated in the Eaſt of Spaine,
Famous for hunting ſports & cleereſt fountains)
a young heroyck gallant did remaine;
Hee, Signior *Dom Diego* had to name,
Who for his conſtant faith had got ſuch fame.

Nature had tryde her deepeſt skill on him,
(for ſo the heauen-borne powers had her deſired)
With ſuch perfection framed ſhee each lim,
that at her owne worke ſhee herſelfe admired,
Maieſtick *Ioue* gaue him a Princely grace,
Apollo wit, and *Venus* gaue his face.

This loue-ſome youth, kinde Natures faireſt child,
what for his beautious loue-alluring face,
And for he was ſo gracious and ſo milde,
was deem'd of all to be of heauenly race;
Men honord him, and Maydens gaue him loue,
To make him famous Men and Maydens ſtroue.

Hun-

Hunting he lou'd, nor did he ſcorne to loue,
(a truer-louing hart was neuer knowne)
Which well his Miſtres cruelly did proue,
whoſe cauſeleſſe rigor Fame abroad hath blowne.
But now lets tell, how hee on hunting went,
And in what ſports ſuch pleaſant time he ſpent.

Soone as the ſunne had left his watry bed,
(bluſhing for ſhame that he ſo long had ſlept)
Reuiuing thoſe which duskie Night made dead,
when for his welcom Lambes on mountains lept.
Vp ſtarts *Diego*, and with ſhrill-voyc'd horne,
Tells hounds & huntſmen of a cleere-fac'd morne.

Cloth'd all in Greene, (*Syluanus* lyuery)
he wore a low-crown'd hat of fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe brim turnd vp, was faſtned with a Ruby,
and vnderneath, a Pearle as white as milke,
A ſleeueles coate of Damaske, richly laced
With Indian pearle, as thicke as could be placed.

A gliſtring Cutlax pendent by his ſide,
(he much eſteem'd ỳ beaſt-diſmembring blade)
And halfe-leg'd Buskins curiouſly ytide
with loopes of burniſht gold full finely made,
Thus goes *Diego*, chiefeſt of his name,
With ſiluer-headed ſpeare to finde ſome game.

Long

Dom Diego & Gyneura.

Long while it was ere any ſport began,
  at laſt a Hart his big-growne hornes did ſhew,
VVhich (winding ſtraight the huntſmen) gan to run
  as faſt as arrow from a Parthyan bow:
In whoſe purſute (by wil of powreful Fates)
Diego loſt himſelfe, and all his mates.

Left thus alone in midſt of vnknowne place,
  he inuocates the fauourable ayde
Of *Ariadne*, who with ſmaleſt lace,
  freed Monſter-killing *Theſeus*, ſo diſmaid,
In worſer Laborinth did he now remaine,
For none ſaue trees or beaſts, could heare him plain.

In theſe Meanders, ſtragling heere and there,
  goes faire *Diego*, liſtning to each ſound,
Muſing twixt purple hope, and paliſh feare,
  he thought to reſt him (wearied) on the ground,
But ſee, he heares a farre ſome forced noyſe,
A horne, a hound, or els ſome human voyce.

VVith that, Deſire, which ſcornes leaſt tedious let,
  directed him vnto that very place,
Where loe to hunt the tymerous Hare, were met
  as Knights, ſo Ladies, fitteſt for that chaſe:
Mongſt which, there came a Grace of heauēly faire,
Her name *Gyneura*, with the golden hayre.

Her

Her hayre of ſuch corruſcant glitterous ſhine,
as are the ſmalleſt ſtreames of horteſt ſunne,
Like ſtarres in froſtie night, ſo looke her eyne,
within whoſe Arches Chriſtall ſprings doe run,
Her cheekes faire ſhow of pureſt Porphyrie,
Full curiouſly were typt with roſeall die.

Her lips like ripened Cherries ſeem'd to be,
from out whoſe concaue Corrall-ſeeming Fount,
Came ſweeter breath then muske of Araby,
whoſe teeth & white of blanched pearle ſurmount
Her necke the Lillies of *Lyguria*
Did much exceed; Thus looked fayre *Gyneura*.

Theſe Dryades *Diego* then beſpake,
with ſugred tearmes of mildeſt curteſie,
And crau'd to know which way he beſt might take
with ſhorteſt cut, to ſuch a Signiory,
Whereat he nam'd himſelfe; when preſently
The Ladies knew him (as a Neyghbour by.)

Gyneuras Mother (cheefe of all the reſt)
(for that ſhee knew his birth and his diſcent)
Deſir'd him home, he grants her ſuch requeſt,
and thanks the Fates that him ſuch hap had lent,
For ſtill on faire *Gyneura* were his eyes,
And ſhee reciprocally on his replyes.

Theſe dumbe Embaſſadors, Loues chiefe combatants
tell (ſoftly whiſpring in each others hart)
Her of humble ſeruice; him of acceptance;
his craued loue, hers wiſht they nere might part,
Much talk they had w tongues, more w their eyes,
But (oh) moſt with their harts, where true loue lies.

Now were they come whereat the good old Lady
might boldly welcome her inuited gueſt,
Where after little talke, (Hunters are hungry)
they all ſat downe vnto a ſoone-made feaſt,
The Louers fed on glaunces of their eyes,
Tis heauenly food when both do ſimpathize.

At laſt, the Lady of the houſe eſpied
the intercourſe of thoſe bright Meſſengers,
Who inwardly reioycing, as faſt plied
hers on her daughter, fitteſt Harbengers,
To bid her keepe the faireſt and the beſt
Place in her hart, to entertaine this gueſt.

Word back againe was ſent by her faire light,
how that was done already; and replied,
The Land-lord o're his Tennant hath ſuch might,
that he to enter in is nere denied.
I, in a little corner of my hare
Doe liue, (quoth ſhe) he hath the greateſt part.

Diego wisht thys supper nere would end,
(and yet he long'd to be in priuate place,
To ruminate vpon his faireſt friend,
and to recount the beauties of her face)
So wisht *Gyneura*, were neuer ſuch two,
That lou'd ſo deerely as theſe Louers doe.

The gloomy Curtaines of the tongue-leſſe night,
were drawne ſo cloſe as day could not be ſeene,
Now leaden-thoughted *Morpheus* dyms each ſight,
now, murder, rapes, and robberies begin:
Nature crau'd reſt, but reſtleſſe Loue would none,
Diego, Loues young prentice, thus gan mone.

Oh heauens, what new-founde griefes poſſeſſe my mind,
what rare impaſsionated fits be theſe?
Cold-burning Feuers in my hart I find,
whoſe oppoſite effects worke mee no eaſe,
Then loue aſſailes the hart with horeſt fight,
VVhen beauty makes her conquſt at firſt ſight.

I little dreamed of thys ſtrange euent,
(this harts-inthraller, mindes-diſturbing Loue,
VVhen with my Huntſmen to the woods I went,
Oh neere till now did I his greatnes proue,
Whoſe firſt impreſſion in the Louers hart,
Till then nere tainted, bringeth deepeſt ſmart.

Thus

Thus lay *Diego* toſſing in his bed,
bound to the will of all commaunding beauty,
Whom angry *Cupid* now in tryumph led,
expecting from his ſlaue all ſeruile duty,
Hee might haue freed his pryſoner ſo diſmaid,
For ſighes and grones had double ranſome paide.

In like extreames, (Loue loues extremity)
did faire *Gyneura* paſſe the long-thought night,
Shee raild againſt fell *Cupids* crueltie,
that ſo would tyrannize o're a Maydens ſpright.
There needes no blowes, quoth ſhe, when foes doe yield,
Oh ceaſe, take thou the honor of the field.

The valiant Greekes (faire Ilyons fatall Foes)
their tedious ten yeres ſiedge for Spartaes Queen
Nere thought ſo long; (yet long it was) as thoſe
loue-ſcorcht enamored (ſo reſtles) now ween
This night to be; A night if ſpent in care,
Seemes longer then a thouſand pleaſant are.

Thus lay they ſleepleſſe, thoughtfull, euer thinking
on ſluggiſh humor of expected Morne,
They thought that Louers eyes were neuer winking
nor ſleepe they e're in whom Loues newly borne.
Hee vow'd, when day was come, to woo his deere,
Shee ſwore ſuch wooing ſhe would gladly heare.

At last, the guyder of the firie Coach,
drying his locks wet in *Eurotas* floud,
Gan resalute the world with bright approch,
angry he seem'd, for all his face was bloud:
Aurorites hast had made him looke so red,
For loath he was to leaue faire *Thetis* bed.

Scarce were his horses put in readines,
and he himselfe full mounted on his seate,
VVhen *Dom Diego* full of heauines,
abroade did walke, his night talke to repeate:
Some two howres spent, he in againe retires,
And sees his Mistres, whom he now admires.

Whereat inflam'd, (loue brookes no base delay,
whose fruite is danger, whose reward is paine)
With fine-fil'd termes he giues her the good day,
and blushing, she returnes it him againe.
Endimeons blush her beauty did eclypse,
His causd by *Cynthiaes*, hers *Adonis* lyps.

Boldly encourag'd by her milde aspect,
he told her that which Louers vse to tell,
How he did liue by her faire eyes reflect,
and how his hart in midst of hers did dwell:
Much eloquence he vsd, twas needles done,
To win that hart which was already won.

Nere

Ne're did the dungeon thiefe condemn'd to dye
with greater pleasure heare his pardon read,
Then did *Gyneura* heare his Oratorie,
(of force sufficient to reuiue the dead)
Shee needes must yield; for sure he had the Art,
VVith amorous heate to fixe *Dianaes* hart.

These Louers (thus in this both-pleasing parly)
were interrupted by *Geneuraes* Mother
VVho newly vp, (age seldome ryseth early)
gan straight salute her guest, so did he her,
Some termes of kindnes mutually past,
Shee friendly leades him in, to breake his fast.

VVhich done, (as all good manners did require)
hee thankt his Hostis for her curtesie,
And now at length went home for to retire,
where hee was looked for so earnestly,
The Lady crau'd if ere hee came that way,
To see her house, and there to make some stay.

Then heauily, and with a dying eye,
(ioylesse) hee takes his leaue of his faire Loue,
VVho for to fauour him, full graciously,
with louing count'nance gaue to him her Gloue.
Keepe this (quoth shee) till better fortune fall,
My Gloue, my Loue, my hand, my hart, and all.

At this large offer, bashfull modestie,
with pure Vermilion stain'd her all faire face,
So lookt *Calypsus* at her great bellie,
when chaste *Ilythia* spi'd her in such ease;
Let Louers iudge how grieuous tis to part,
From two, twixt whom, there lyeth but one hart.

Nowe is hee gone, who after little trauell
attain'd his house (not pleasing thought desired)
At whose late absence each one much did marueil,
but (come) at his sad lookes they more admired,
Great *Cupids* power, such sadnes in him bred,
VVho (erst) all louing harts in tryumph led.

One month (consum'd in pensiuenes) expir'd;
to recreate and reuiue his tyred spright,
Hee now on hunting goes, which hee desir'd,
not for the (once well-pleasing) sports delight;
But for he might some fit occasion finde,
To see his Loue, on whom was all his minde.

Where being come (suppose his sports prou'd bad)
Cynthia giue him welcome from her hart,
The Sea-toss't Lord of *Ithica* ne're had,
after his twentie yeares turmoile and smart,
More ioyfull welcome by his constant wife
Then had *Diego* from his loue, his lyfe.

Two dayes he ſtay'd, whence he would ne're depart
but cuſtome wil'd that he ſhould now returne,
Yet though he went he left with her his hart,
which for their parting heauily gan mourne,
But far worſe newes had it poore hart to greene,
In that *Gyneura* would ſo ſoone beleeue.

For ſooner was hee not departed thence
but ſtraight there comes a Riuall of his Loue,
VVho vnder true fidelities pretence
wrought wondrous hard *Diego* to remoue,
Nor could at firſt his oaths or vowes preuaile,
To make *Gyneuraes* loue one whit to faile.

For yet they lyu'd faſt bound in Fancies chaines,
ſtryuing to paſſe each other in pure loue,
But (as there's nothing that for aye remaines
without ſome change.)ſo do theſe Louers proue,
That hotteſt loue hath ſoon'ſt the cold'ſt diſdaine,
And greateſt pleaſures, haue their greateſt paine.

For now no longer could ſhee ſo perſeuer,
ſhee turnes to deadly hate her former kindnes,
Which ſtill had laſted; but that Nature euer
ſtrikes into womens eyes ſuch dim-ſight blindnes,
And ſuch obdurate hardnes in their harts,
They ſee, nor knowe, not trueſt loues deſarts.

Gyneura this confirmes againſt her Louer,
whom now (all guiltleſſe) ſhe condemnes to die,
That in his deede or thought did nere offend her,
vnleſſe by louing her ſo wondrous deerelie:
Such Loue, ſuch hate, ſuch lyking, ſuch diſdaine,
Was neuer knowne in one hart to remaine.

Thus twas; *Diego* had an enemie,
(immortall vertue euer lincked is,
With that pale leane-fac'd meager-hewed enuie)
who ſecretly (ſo falſely) tells his Mis.
How ſhee was mockt; *Diego* lou'd another, (her
And ſtorm'd & rag'd what madnes ſo ſhould moue

To dote on him that elſe where ſets his Loue,
hee makes you thinke (quoth he) what ere he liſt,
That this is true, you eaſily may proue
for ſtill he weares her fauour on his fiſt,
A Hawke it is; which ſhee (ſo ſtands the Mart)
Giues him, he you faire words, but her his hart.

VVith this incenſt, (that ſex will ſoone beleeue)
ſooneſt when enuies broode to them diſplay it,
I'ſt true (quoth ſhee) for true loue doth he giue,
ſuch ſmooth-fac'd flattry, doth he thus repay it?
Shee neuer ſcan'd, the truth of this her griefe,
Loue in ſuch caſes, is of quicke beliefe,

Her

Her loue to him was neuer halfe ſo great,
(though once ſhee lou'd him) as is now her hate,
This *Momus* breath (like bellowes) to her heate,
did kindle firie coales of hote debate.
Hee plyes her; and exaſperates his ſpight,
And ſweares, and vowes, hee tells her but the right.

Shee (like a franticke Froe of *Theſſaly*
madded with *Bacchus* brayne-diſtempring liquor)
Runs here, and there, exclayming furiouſly
with hideous, vncouth mind-affrighting terror.
Swearing reuenge on falſe *Diegoes* head,
VVhoſe lying lookes in her ſuch madnes bred.

VVherewith ſhee inuocates great *Nemeſis*,
and begs the power of her deitie,
Shee tells her caſe, to Iuſtice-doing *Themis*,
and ſhewes how ſhee is wronged mightily.
Shee leaues no power vnſought for, or vnpraide,
That vſe to helpe diſtreſſed with their aide.

Wronged *Diego* (little this ſuſpecting)
now thought it time to ſee his deereſt faire,
And (other matters of import neglecting,
hee preſently to her makes his repaire.
VVhere being come, ſuch welcome he did finde,
As at the firſt did much diſturbe his minde.

For faire *Gyneura* would not now be ſeene,
ſhe ſent him word ſhe ſcorn'd his ſaunning flattrie,
And much did greeue, that ſhee ſo fond had beene,
to yield her hart to ſuch deceitfull battrie:
Bid him (quoth ſhee) goe flatter where he liſt,
I like not I, that fauour on his liſt.

Such hap it was, *Diego* then had brought
his Hawke; (the author of this fell debate)
Which well confirm'd her euer doubtfull thought,
that nowe ſhee was reſolu'd on deadly hate,
Bid him (quoth ſhe) depart hence from my ſight,
His loath-ſome preſence brings me irkſome ſpight.

Twas hard; that he whoſe loue was neuer tainted
whoſe ſincere faith was kept inuiolate,
Nay, in whoſe face all trueſt loue was painted,
ſhould for his ſpotleſſe truth be paid with hate,
Hee ſtone-aſtonied, like a Deare at gaze,
Admir'd theſe ſpeeches in a wondrous maze.

At laſt hee crau'd this fauour he might haue,
that ſhee her ſelfe would heare what he could ſay,
So *Neptunes* Towne (quoth ſhee) ſuch lycenſe gaue
to ſmooth-tac'd *Synon* (*Ilions* laſt decay)
So *Syrens* ſing vntill they haue their will,
Some poore miſtruſtleſſe Paſſenger to kill.

Shee

Shee would not heare him ſpeake (oh cruell ſhee)
that cauſeleſſe this would kill him with diſdaine,
Hee ſweares he's guiltleſſe, vowes innocencie,
& in ſuch vowes, tears down his cheeks did raine,
Thoſe cheeks which ſtaine the bluſhing of ỹ morne
Gyneura now moſt hatefully doth ſcorne.

Tis ſtrange that Maides ſhould ere be ſo abuſed,
to credit each malicious-tongued ſlaue,
And to condemne a man (if once accuſed)
before or proofe, or tryall, hee may haue.
Too many ſuch there be; wo's mee therefore,
Such light credulitie, I muſt deplore.

When ſighes, ſalt tears, & vowes could do no good,
nor ſighes, nor teares, nor vowes could pierce her hart,
In which, diſdaine triumphant victor ſtood
holding in eyther hand a ſable dart,
VVherewith he ſtrikes true loue, & ſtainleſſe truth,
Condemning them vnto eternall ruth.

Home goes *Diego*, with a cheereleſſe face,
whoſe ſteps were led by leaden-footed griefe,
VVho neuer goes but with a dead-ſlowe pace,
vntill hee finde ſome eaſe, or ſome reliefe;
Twould melt a marble hart to ſee that man,
(Earſt, freſh as a new-blowne Roſe) ſo aſhie wan.

Where

VVhere being come, he ſtraight for four daies ſpace,
locks him in his chamber, and there did poure
Huge ſhewers of chriſtall rayne adowne his face,
(for ſure he lou'd her deerely at this howre)
All ouerwhelm'd in waues of ſea-ſalt teares,
Some fatall ſhipwrack of his life he feares.

Wherewith he calls for paper, pen, and ynck,
and for his Hawke, which preſently he kild,
Die thou (quoth he) ſo ſhall my loue nere thinke,
that for thy ſake to any elſe I yield.
And plucking of her head, ſtraight way hee writes,
VVho (ſending it as token) thus indites.

Loe heere (thou cruell faire) that gracious fauour,
the Enſigne (as thou ſaiſt) of my vntruth,
Behold in what high-priz'd eſteeme I haue her
that gaue me it, the cauſe of all my ruth:
Looke as this Hawke, faire Loue, ſo is my hart,
Mangled and torne, cauſe thou ſo cruell art.

I ſweare to thee by all the rites of loue,
by heauens faire head, by earth, & black-fac'd hel,
I nere meant other loue but thine to proue,
nor in my hart that any elſe ſhould dwell;
Let this ſuffize, my ioy, my deere, my chiefe,
My griefes are too too long, though letter briefe.

Twas

Dum Diego & Gyneura.

Twas time to ende, for floods guſht out amaine,
  out came the ſpringtide of his briniſh teares,
VVhich whatſoere hee writ blot out againe
  all blubred ſo to ſend it ſcarce hee dares:
And yet hee did; goe thou (quoth hee) vnto her,
And for thy maiſter, treate, ſollicite, woo her.

And pray thee (if thy Fortune be ſo good
  as to be viewd by ſunſhine of her eyes)
Bid her take heede in ſpilling guiltleſſe blood,
  tell her there's danger in ſuch cruelties:
VVith this, hee gaue it to the meſſenger,
Who (making ſpeed) in ſhort time brought it her.

Shee, when ſhee heard from whom the Letter came,
  returnes it backe againe, and ſtraight replied,
My friend (quoth ſhe) hadſt thou not told his name
  perhaps thy Letter, had not beene denied:
VVhereat ſhee paus'd; but yet ile ſee (quoth ſhee)
With what perſwading termes, he flatters mee.

Twas quickly read; (God knowes it was but ſhort)
  griefe would not let the wryter tedious be,
Nor would it ſuffer him fit words to ſort,
  but pens it (chaoſ-like) confuſedly.
Yet had it paſſion to haue turn'd hard ſtones
To liquid moiſture, if they heard his moanes.

But

But cruell ſhee, more hard then any flint,
worſe then a Tygreſſe of Hyrcania,
Would not be mou'd, nor could his lines take print
in her hard hurt, ſo cruell was *Gyneura*.
Shee which once lou'd him deerly, (too too well)
Now hates him more then any tongue can tell.

Oh Nature, chiefeſt Mother of vs all,
why did you giue ſuch apt-beleeuing harts
To women-kind, that thus poore men inthrall,
and will not dulie waie true loues defarts?
O had their harts been like vnto their face,
They ſure had been of ſome celeſtiall race.

Shee pittiles, ſends backe to *Dom Diego*,
and ſayes, his words cannot inchant her hart,
Vliſſes-like, ſhee will not heare *Calypſo*,
nor lend her eares to ſuch intiſing arte.
Bid him (quoth ſhe) frō henceforth ceaſe to write,
Tell him his Letters agrauate my ſpight.

Full heauie newes it was to ſtaineleſſe loue,
to him that had enſhrin'd her in his thought,
And in his hart had honor'd her aboue
the world; to whō all elſe ſaue her ſeem'd nought.
Nay, vnto him, whoſe perſon, wit, and faire,
Might ſurely with the beſt make iuſt compare.

But

But (blinded as ſhee was) ſhee ſteemes him not,
hate and diſdaine doe neuer brooke reſpect,
Shee did not knowe that beauties foulcſt blot
conſiſted in true-louing hearts neglect.
No, ſhe (more ſtubborne thé the North-eaſt wind)
VVould not admit ſuch knowledge in her mind.

Let thoſe who guiltleſſie haue felt diſdaine,
whoſe faithfull loue hath beene repaid with hate,
Giue rightfull iudgement of *Diegoes* paine
who bought his fauours at the higheſt rate.
This newes ſuch pleaſure in his ſoule had bred,
As hath the thiefe that heares his iudgement read.

After ſome time, hee writes againe vnto her,
hee could not thinke ſhee would perſeuer ſo,
But when hee ſawe her aunſwere like the other
hee then ſurceas'd to ſend her any moe.
But did reſolue to ſeeke ſome vncouth place,
VVhere he might (vnfound out) bewaile his caſe.

Thinking indeede; ſhee by his abſence might
at length intenerate her flintfull hart,
And metamorphize her conceiued ſpight
into true loue regardaunt of his ſmart;
Hee ſeekes all meanes (poore Louer) how to gaine
His rigorous Lady from ſuch fell diſdaine.

At

At laſt, hee calls to mind the Pyren Mountaines,
thoſe far-fam'd, woody hills of wealthy Spaine,
Which for wild Beaſts, & ſiluer viſag'd Fountaines,
hath got the praiſe of all that there remaine:
Hether poſtes *Dom Diego* fraught with griefe,
Hoping thóſe woods would yield him ſome reliefe.

VVhere, being come, all Pilgrim-like attir'd,
hee pryes about to ſee if hee could finde,
Some houſe-like Caue, for reſt hee much deſir'd,
his body now was wearie, as his minde.
O Gods (quoth hee) if youth finde ſuch diſtreſſe,
VVhat hope haue I, of future happines.

VVith that hee ſees a Rocke made like a Cabin
all tapiſtred with Natures moſſie greene,
VVrought in a frizled guiſe, as it had been
made for *Napæa*, Mountaines chiefeſt Queene,
At mouth of which grew Cedars, Pines, & Firs,
And at the top grew Maple, Yough, and Poplers.

So, heere (quoth hee) ile reſt my wearied bodie
in thee (delightfull place of Natures building)
VVill I erect a griefe-fram'd Monaſterie,
where night & day my prayers ile ne're ceaſe yield-
To thee my deere; (no other Saint I haue) (ing,
Oh lend thine eares, to him that his hart gaue.

Two dayes were ſpent in this ſo pleaſant ſeate,
(this ſtone-built Pallace of the King content)
Before *Diego* taſted any meate,
or once did drinke, more then his eyes had lent.
O irreſiſted force of pureſt Loue,
Whom paines, thirſt, hunger, can no whit remoue.

Sometimes, when as he ſcans her crueltie,
& feeles his paines (like *Hydreas* head) increaſing,
Hee wiſht the Scithian *Anthropophagie*
did haunt theſe woods that liue by mans fleſh ea-
Or elſe the Thracian *Beſſi*, ſo renound, (ting;
For cruell murdring, whom in woods they found.

That ſo the *Gordyon* knot of his paine
indiſſoluble e're whiles he did lyue,
Might be vntide when as his hart were ſlaine,
when he (ô reſtfull time) ſhold ceaſe to grieue;
But yet the Siſters kept his vitall breath,
They would not let him dye ſo baſe a death.

Some other times when as he waies her beautie,
her *Venus*-ſtayning face ſo wondrous faire,
Hee then doth thinke to waile tis but his dutie
ſith caus'd by her that is without compaire,
And in this moode vnto high *Ioue* hee prayes,
And praying ſo, hee thus vnto him ſayes.

Great Gouernour of (wheele-reſembling) Heauen,
commaund thy vnder Princes to mayntaine,
Thoſe heauẽly parts which to my loue th'aue giuen,
ô let her ne're feele death, or deaths fell paine.
And firſt vpon thy Siſter lay thy mace,
Bid her maintayne my Loues maieſtick grace.

Inioyne the ſtrange-borne mother-leſſe *Mynerua*,
and her to whom the ſomie Sea was Mother,
Still to vphold their giftes in my *Gynebrá*:
let wit and beautie lyue vnited with her;
With ſweete mouth'd *Pytho* I may not ſuſpende,
Great Goddeſſe, ſtill increaſe her eloquence.

Thou muſicall *Apollo* gau'ſt her hand,
and thou her feete (great Sun-Gods deereſt loue)
To ſuch your rare-knowne gyfts all gracious ſtand;
and now at laſt this doe I craue great *Ioue*;
That when they dyẽ (perhaps they dye aboue)
Thou wilt bequeath theſe gyfts vnto my Loue.

On euery neighbour Tree, on euery ſtone
(hee durſt not far range from his ſecure Caue)
VVould he cut out the cauſe of all his moane,
and curiouſlie with greateſt skill ingraue:
There needed no *Leontius*, his Art,
Griefe carueth deepeſt, if it come from th'hart.

When

VVhen ſome ſtone would not impreſſion take
hee ſtraight compares it to his Miſtris hart,
But ſtay, (quoth he) my working teares ſhall make
thee penetrable with the leaſt-skil'd art.
Oh had my teares ſuch force to pierce her mind,
Theſe ſorrowes I ſhould looſe, and new ioyes find.

Thou euer-memorable ſtone (quoth hee)
tell thoſe whom fate or fortune heere ſhall lead,
How deerely I haue lou'd the cruel'ſt ſhee
that euer Nature or the world hath bred.
Tell them her hate, and her diſdaine was cauſeleſſe,
Oh, leaue not out to tell how I was guiltleſſe.

Whereat, the very ſtone would ſeeme to weepe,
whoſe wrinkled face wold be beſmeard with tears
O man what ere thou be, thy ſorrowes keepe
vnto thy ſelfe, quoth hee; ile heare no cares.
Tell them that care not, tell *Gyneura* of thee, (met.
We ſtones are ruthfull, & thy plaints haue pierc'd

VVith this, hee ſeekes a ruſſet-coated Tree,
& ſtraight diſclothes him of his long-worne weed
And whileſt hee thus diſroabes him buſilie,
hee felt his halfe-dead hart a freſh to bleed.
Greeuing that hee ſhould vſe ſuch crueltie,
To turne him naked to his foe, windes furie.

But

But now vncas'd, hee gins to carue his cares,
his paſſions, his conſtant-lyuing Loue,
When (loe) there guſhes out cleere ſap like teares
which to get forth from pryſon mainly ſtroue,
Since pitty dwells (quoth hee) in trees and ſtone,
Them will I loue; *Gyneura*, thou haſt none.

Yet needs I muſt confeſſe thou once didſt loue mee,
thy loue was hotter then *Nimpharum* hill,
But now whē time affords me, means to proue thee,
thy loue then *Caucaſe* is more cold and chill,
And in thy cold, like Aethiopyan hue,
Thou art not to be chang'd from falſe to true.

O looke (faire Loue) as in the ſpringing Plant
one branch intwines and growes within another,
So growe my griefes; which makes my hart to pant
when thicke-fetcht ſighes my vitall breath doth (ſmother,
I ſpoild my cruelty am adiudg'd to death,
Thus all alone to yield my lyuing breath.

Thou haſt the fayreſt face that e're was ſeene,
but in thy breaſt (that Alablaſter Rocke)
Thou haſt a fouler hart; diſdaine hath beene
accounted blacker then the Chimnies ſtocke.
O purifie thy ſoule my deareſt Loue,
Diſlodge thy hate, and thy diſdaine remoue,

But

But all in vaine I ſpeake vnto the wind,
  then ſhould they carry theſe my plaints vnto her,
Mee thinks thou ſtill ſhouldſt beare a gentle mind,
  (deere-louing *Zephire*) pray, intreate, & woo her;
Tell her twere pittie I ſhould dye alone,
Here in theſe woods wher non can heare me mone.

But tis no matter, ſhee is pittyleſſe
  like the Scycilian ſtone that more tis beate
Doth waxe the harder; ſtones are not ſo ruthleſſe,
  which ſmalleſt drops doe pierce though nere ſo great;
If Seas of teares would weare into her hart,
I had ere this beene eaſed of my ſmart.

Thus in theſe ſpeeches would *Diego* ſit
  bathing his ſiluer cheekes with trickling teares,
VVhich (often running downe) at laſt found fit
  channells to ſend them to their ſtanding meares;
VVho at his feete (before his feete there ſtood
A poole of teares) receau'd the ſmaller flood.

Ne're had the world a truer louing hart,
  Abydos ceaſe to ſpeake of conſtant loue,
For ſure (thou Signior *Dom Diego*) art
  the onely man that e're hates force did proue;
Thy changeleſſe loue hath cloſe inrol'd thy name,
In ſteele-leau'd booke of euer-lyuing fame.

That wide-mouth'd time w swallows good desarts
shall shut his iawes, & ne're deuoure thy name,
Thou shalt be crown'd with bayes by louing harts,
and dwell in Temple of eternall Fame;
There, is a sacred place reseru'd for thee,
There, thou shalt liue with perpetuitie.

So long liu'd poore *Diego* in this case
that at the length hee waxed somwhat bold,
To search the woods where hee might safely chase,
(necessitie, thy force cannot be told)
The fearefull Hare, the Connie, and the Kid,
Time made him knowe the places where they bid.

This young-year'd Hermit, one day mong the rest
as hee was busilie prouiding meate,
VVhich was with Natures cunning almost dresst,
dri'd with the Sunne new readie to be eate,
Inrag'd vpon a suddaine throwes away
His hard-got foode; and thus began to say.

O cruell starres, Step-mothers of my good,
& you, you ruthlesse Fates what meane you thus,
So greedely to thirst for my harts blood,
why ioy you so in vnuniting vs?
Great powres infuse some pitty in her hart
That thus hath causeleste caus'd in me this smart.

Dom Diego & Gyneura.

I ne're was wont to vſe ſuch Cooketie,
to drudge & toile whé peſants take their pleaſure,
My noble birth ſcornes baſe-borne ſlauerie,
this eaſeleſſe lyfe hath neither end nor meaſure;
Thou great *Soſipolis* looke vpon my ſtate,
Be of theſe nere-hard griefes compaſſionate.

I feele my long-thought life begin to melt
as doth the ſnowe gainſt midday heate of Sunne,
(Faire loue) thy rigour I haue too much felt,
oh, at the laſt with crueltie haue done,
If teares thy ſtonie hart could mollifie,
My briniſh ſprings ſhould floe eternallie.

Sweet loue, behold thoſe pale cheekes waſht in woe
that ſo my teares may as a mirror be,
Thine owne faire ſhaddowe liuely for to ſhoe,
and portraite forth thy Angel-hued beautie.
Narciſſus-lyke then ſhouldſt thou my face kiſſe,
More honny ſweete, then *Venus* gaue *Adonis*.

Feare not *Gyneura*, faire *Narciſſus* hap;
thy necke, thy breaſt, thy hand is Lilly-white,
They all are Lillies tane from *Floraes* lap;
ne're be thou chang'd vnleſſe to loue from ſpite.
Oh that thou wer't but then transformed ſo,
My Sommers bliſſe, would change my winters woe.

If thou did'ſt knowe in what a loathſome place,
I ſpend my dayes ſad and diſconſolate,
VVhat foggie Stigian miſts hang o'te my face,
thou would'ſt exile this thy conceaued hate;
This Hemiſphere is darke, for *Sol* him ſhroudes,
My ſighes doe ſo conglomerate the cloudes.

I tolde thee, I, (thou cruell too ſeuere)
when hate firſt gan to riſe how I was guiltleſſe,
Thine eares were deaffe, ỹ would'ſt not harken ere
thy hart was hardned, rockie, pittileſſe. (thee,
Oh had mine eyes been blind whē firſt they view'd
Would God I had been tongleſſe whē I ſew'd thee.

But thou waſt then as readie to receaue
as I to craue; ô great inconſtancie,
O twas that fatall houre did ſo bereaue
my blisfull ſoule of all tranquillitie:
Thou then didſt burne in loue, now froz'd in hate,
Yet pittie mee, ſweete mercy ne're comes late.

Looke as the crazen tops of armeleſſe Trees
or lateſt down-fall of ſome aged building,
Doe tell thee of the North-windes boiſtrous furies,
and how that *Eolus* lately hath beene ſtirring;
So in my thin cheekt face thou well maiſt ſee,
The furious ſtorme of thy black crueltie.

But

But thou inexorable art, ne're to be wone,
though Lyons, Beares, & Tigers haue been tam'd,
Thy wood-borne rigour neuer will be done,
which thinks for this thou euer shalt be fam'd;
True, so thou shalt, but fam'd in infamie,
Is worse then lyuing in obscuritie.

If thou didst knowe howe greeuous tis to me
to lyue in this vnhabited aboade,
Where none (but sorrowe) keepes me companie,
I know thou wouldst thy harts hate then vnload,
Oh, I did ne're deserue this miserie,
For to denie the truth were heresie.

I tell thee (Loue) when secret-tongued night
puts on her mistie sable-coloured vayle,
My wrangling woes, within them selues do fight,
they murder hope, which makes their Captaine
And wailing so, can neuer take his rest, (wayle,
That keepes such vnrul'd Souldiers in his brest.

So when the cleere nights-faults-disclosing day
peepes forth her purple head, from out the East,
These woes (my Souldiers) crie out for their pay,
(and if deni'd) they stab mee, with vnrest;
My teares are pay, but all my teates are dri'de
Therefore I must their fatall blowes abide.

In theſe laments did *Dom Diego* liue
long time; till at the laſt by pourefull fate,
A wandring Huntſman ignorance did driue
vnto the place whence hee return'd but late;
Who viewing well the print of humaine ſteps
Directly followed them, and for ioy leaps.

At laſt hee came vnto *Diegoes* Caue
in which he ſawe a ſauadge man (hee thought)
Who much did looke like the *Danubyan* ſlaue,
ſuch deep-worn furrows in his face were wrought,
Diego much abaſhed at this ſight
Came running forth, him in his armes to plight.

For glad hee was (God knowes) to ſee a man,
who (wretch) in two yeres ſpace did ne're ſee any
Such gladnes, ioy, ſuch mirth, ſuch triumph can
not be ſet downe, ſuppoſe them to be many.
But ſee, long had they not confer'd together,
When (happie time) each one did know the other.

VVith that *Diego* ſhewes him all his loue,
his pennance, her firſt loue, & now her hate,
But hee requeſted him hence to remoue,
and at his houſe the reſt hee ſhould dilate,
Which hee deni'd, onely hee now doth write
By this his friend, vnto his harts delight.

Deere

Deere Loue (quoth he) when ſhall I home returne,
whé will the coales of hate be quencht with loue,
VVhich now in raging flames my hart do burne,
oh, when wilt thou this thy diſdaine remoue;
Aske of this bearer, be inquiſitiue,
And hee will tell thee in what caſe I liue.

Inquire of her, whoſe Hawke hath caus'd this woe,
if for that fauour euer I did loue her,
And ſhee will curſe mee that did vſe her ſo,
and ſhee will tell thee how I lou'd another;
Twas thee *Gyneura*, twas thy faireſt ſelfe,
I hel'd thee as a Pearle, her droſſie pelfe.

Then, when thou haſt found out the naked truth,
thinke of thy *Diego*, and his hard hap,
Let it procure in thee ſome mouing ruth,
that thus haſt cauſeleſſe caſt him from thy lap:
Fare-well my deere, I hope this ſhall ſuffize,
To ad a period to thy cruelties.

The Meſſenger to ſpurre forth her deſires,
and haſten her vnto his well-lou'd friend,
Tells her, how hee lyes languiſhing in fires
of burning griefes, which neuer will haue end:
Bids her to flye to him with wings of zeale,
And thus *Diegoes* paines hee doth reueale.

Oh Adamantick-minded Mayde (quoth hee)
why linger you in this ambiguous thought,
Open thine eyes, no longer blinded bee, (bought.
those wounding lookes, thy Louer, deere hath
Vnbolt thy harts strong gate of hardest steele,
O let him nowe the warmth of pittie feele.

Oh let him now the warmth of pittie feele,
that long hath knockt cold-starued at thy dore;
Wanting loues foode hee here & there doth reele
lyke to a storme-tost Ship that's far from shore.
Feede him with loue that long hath fed on cares,
Be Anchor to his soule that swims in teares.

Gyneura, let him harbour in thy hart
rig and amend his trouble-beaten face,
O calme thy hate, whose winds haue rais'd his smarts
see him not perrish in this wofull case.
And for in Sea-salt teares hee long hath liu'd,
Let him by thy fresh water be relieu'd.

Oh, shall I tell thee how I found him there,
his house wherein hee liu'd (if lyue hee did,
Or rather spend his time in dying feare)
was built within the ground, all darksom hid,
From *Phœbus* light, so vgly, hell-lyke-Caue,
In all the world againe you cannot haue.

All

All made of rug'd hard-fauour'd ſtones,
whoſe churliſh lookes afford the eye no pleaſure,
In whoſe concauity winds breath'd horce grones,
to which ſad muſicke Sorrow daunc'd a meaſure.
O'regrowne it was with mighty ſhadefull Trees,
VVhere poore *Diego* Sun nor Moone nere ſees.

To this black place repaired euery morne,
The fayre *Oreades* pitty-moued gerles,
Bringing the poore *Diego* ſo forlorne,
Moſſe to dry vp his teares, thoſe liquid pearles:
Full loath they were to looſe ſuch chriſtall ſprings,
Therfore this Spunge-like Moſſe each of thẽ brings.

Here dry (ſay they) thou loue-forſaken man,
thoſe glaſſy Conduits, which do neuer ceaſe
On this ſoft-feeling weede; and if you can,
we all intreate, your griefes you would appeaſe,
Elſe wilt thou make vs pine in griefe-full woe,
That nere knewe care, or loue, or friend, or foe.

Straight (like a ſhooting Commet in the ayre)
away depart theſe ſorrow-peirced maydes,
Leauing *Diego* in a deepe diſpaire,
who now, his fortune, now his fate vp-braides.
O heauens (quoth he) how happy are theſe trees,
That know not loue, nor feele his miſeries.

Melts

Melrs not thy hart (*Gyneura*) at his cares?
are not thy bright tranſparent eyes yet blinde
VVith monſtrous diluge of o'reflowing teares?
remaines there yet diſdaines within thy mind?
Diſgorge thy hate, O hate him not that loues thee,
Maids are more milde thé men, yet pitty moues me.

Breake, breake in peeces that delicious cheſt,
whiter then ſnow on Hyperboreall hyll,
Chaſe out diſdaine, depriue him of his reſt,
murder and mangle him that rules thy will.
Be it nere ſayd that faire *Gyneuraes* beauty,
Was ouer-peiz'd by cauſeleſſe cruelry.

Cruell to him that merrits curteſie,
loathed of thee that doth deſerue all loue,
Baſely reiected, ſcorn'd moſt churliſhly,
that honors thee aboue the Saints aboue.
True loue is priceleſſe, rare, and therefore deere,
VVe feaſt not royall Kings with homely cheere.

Too long it were to tell thee all his merrits,
for in delay conſiſts his long-lookt death,
Poſt-haſt of thine muſt now reuiue his ſpirits,
or ſhortly he will gaſpe his lateſt breath;
Speake faire *Gyneura*, ſpeake as I deſire,
Or let thy vaine-breath'd ſpeeches back retyre.

Looke

Looke, as a man late taken from a trance,
ſtandes gazing heere and there in ſenceleſſe wiſe,
Not able of himſelfe his head t'aduance,
but ſtandeth like a ſtone in death-like guiſe,
So lookt *Gyneura*, hanging downe her head,
Shaming that folly her ſo much had led.

Repentant ſorrow would not let her ſpeake,
the burning flames of griefe did dry her teares,
Yet at the laſt, words out of priſon breake,
that long'd to vtter her harts inward cares:
And ſtealingly there glides with heauy pace
A Riuolet of Pearle along her face.

O ceaſe (quoth ſhe) to wound me any more,
with oft repeating of my cruelties,
Thou of thy teares (kind man) haſt ſhed great ſtore,
when I (vnkinder mayde) ſcarce wet mine eyes.
O let me now bewaile him once for all,
Twas none but I that cauſd his cauſeleſſe thrall.

Eternall *Ioue*, rayne ſhowers of vengeance on me,
plague me for this blacke deed of wrongful hate,
Be blind mine eyes, they ſhall not looke vpon thee
Diego, till thou be compaſsionate:
And when thou dooſt forgiue what I haue done,
Then ſhall they ſhine like ſhorteſt-ſhaded ſunne.

O ſlacke thy ſwiſt-pac'd gallop winged Tyme,
turne backe, and regiſter this my diſdaine;
Bid Poets ſing my hate in ruthfull ryme,
and pen ſad Iliads of *Diegoes* paine:
Let them be writ in plain-ſeene lines of glaſſe,
To ſhew how louing he, I, cruell was.

Hereat ſhee pauſd, tell me ſweet ſir quoth ſhee,
how I might ſee my deere-emboſom'd friend,
That now (if what is paſt may pardned be)
vnto his griefes I may impoſe an end;
Where-with they both agreed, that the next day,
They would eniourney them without more ſtay.

Long were they not, Deſire ſtill goes on Ice,
and nere can ſtay tell that he hath his wiſh,
Mens willing mindes each thing doth ſoone intice,
to haſt to ỹ which they would faine accompliſh.
But that they came (as hauing a good guide)
Vnto the place where they *Diego* ſpide.

Sacred *Pympleides* endip my quill
within the holy waters of your ſpring,
Infuze into my braine ſome of your skill,
that ioyfully of theſe I now may ſing:
Theſe Louers now twixt whom late dwelt annoy,
Swymming in ſeas of ouer-whelming ioy.

But, pardon mee you Dames of Helycon,
for thus inuoking your diuineſt ayde,
Which was by me (vnworthy) call'd vpon,
at your rare knowledge I am much diſmaide;
My barren-witted braines are all too baſe,
To be your ſacred learnings reſting place.

Thus, of themſelues, in pleaſures extaſie,
theſe Louers now embrace them in theyr armes,
Speechleſſe they are, eye counterfixt on eye,
like two that are coniur'd by magique charmes,
So cloſe their armes were twin'd, ſo neer they came
As if both man and woman were one frame.

In th'end, (as doth a Current lately ſtayd,
ruſh mainly forth his long-impriſoned flood)
So brake out words; and thus *Dyego* ſayd,
what my *Gyneura*? O my harts chiefe good,
Iſt poſſible that thou thy ſelfe ſhould'ſt daigne
In ſeeing me to take ſo wondrous paine.

Oh, ſpeake not of my paine (my deereſt loue)
all paine is pleaſure that I take for thee,
Thou that ſo loyall and ſo true dooſt proue,
might ſcorne mee now, ſo credulous to be:
Then ſweet *Diego*, let vs now returne,
And baniſh all things that might make vs mourne.

Twere

Twere infinite to tell of their great gladnes,
theyr amorous greetings, & their ſoules delight,
Diego now had exil'd griefe and ſadnes,
rauiſht with ioy whilſt he enioyde her ſight.
Let it ſuffiſe, they homeward now retire,
Which ſuddaine chance both men & maids admire.

Gyneura now delights but in his preſence,
ſhee cannot once endure him from her ſight,
His loue-ful face is now her ſoules ſole eſſence,
and on his face ſhee dotes both day and night.
She nere did once diſdaine him halfe ſo much,
As now ſhe honors him, loues force is ſuch.

Diego now wrapt in a world of pleaſure,
imparadiz'd in hauing his deſire,
Floting in Seas of ioy aboue all meaſure,
ſought means to mittigate loues burning fire,
VVho walking with his loue alone one day,
Diſcharg'd his minde, and thus began to ſay.

O faire *Gyneura*, how long wil't be
ere ſafron-robed *Hymen* doe vnite vs?
My ſoule doth long that happy howre to ſee.
O let the angry Fates no longer ſpight vs,
Lingring delays will teare my greeued hart,
Let me no longer feele ſo painefull ſmart.

Gyneura, which deſir'd it as her life,
tells him that paine ſhall ſhortly haue a cure,
Shortly quoth ſhe, Ile be thy married wife,
ty'de in thoſe chaynes which euer wil endure,
Be patient then, and thou ſhalt plainly ſee,
In working it, how forward I will be.

And ſo ſhe was; no time dyd ſhe miſpend,
wherein ſhee gets not things in readines,
That might to *Hymens* rites full fitly tend,
or once conduce to ſuch theyr happines,
All things prepar'd, theſe Louers now are chayned
In marriage bands, in which they long remained.

Theſe, whilſt they liu'd, did liue in all content,
contending who ſhould loue each other moſt,
To w pure loue, proude Fame her eares down lent,
and through the world, of it doth highly boaſt.
O happy he to whom loue comes at laſt,
That will reſtore what hate before did waſt.
{Then (deereſt loue) *Gyneury*ze at the laſt,}
{And I ſhall ſoone forget what ere is paſt.}

AND now farewel, when I ſhal fare but ill,
flouriſh & ioy, whé I ſhal droope and languiſh,
All plentious good awaite vpon thy will,
whé extreame want ſhal bring my ſoule deaths anguiſh.

Forced

Forced by thee (thou mercy-wanting mayd)
must I abandon this my natiue ſoyle,
Hoping my ſorrowes heare will be allayd
by abſence, tyme, neceſſity or toyle.
So, nowe adiew; the winds call my depart.
Thy beauties excellence, my rudeſt quill
Shall neuer-more vnto the world impart,
ſo that it know thy hate, I haue my will;
And when thou hear'ſt that I for thee ſhall periſh,
Be ſorrowfull. And henceforth true loue cherriſh.

FINIS.

Poco ſenno baſta a chi Fortuna ſuona.

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